Department of Music
University of Alberta

Concert Choir

Debra Cairns, Conductor
David Wilson, Assistant Conductor

Spring 2003 Tour Program

The program will be selected from the following repertoire:

Songs of Belief

Regina Coeli — Giovanni P da Palestrina (ca. 1524/6-1594)

Ave Verum — Peter Togni (b. 1959)

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt — Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)

David Wilson, conductor

City Called Heaven — Hall Johnson (1887-1970)

Ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit — William L Dawson (1898-1990)

Stewart Mawdsley, baritone

Songs of Night and Rest

Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening — Larry Nickel (b. 1950)

Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

Three Lullabies (Trzy Kołysanki), Op.49 — Henryk Górecki (b. 1933)

Two Songs (Song of the Morning/Eyes of Heaven) — Sven-Erik Bäck (1919-1994)

Songs of Nature

Ecco mormorar l'onde — Claudio Monteverdi (ca. 1567-1643)

From **Vanessa** — Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Under the Willow Tree

Christina Hof, soprano
Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

From **Six Chansons** — Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

Verger

Our Canadian Heritage

From **Five Songs of the Newfoundland Outports** — Harry Somers (1925-1999)

The Old "Mayflower"

Song for the Mira — Allister MacGillivray (b. 1948)

Gabrielle Donnelly, alto
Meera Varghese, flute

From **Three Canadian Folk Songs** — Derek Holman (b. 1931)

The Bluebird

Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

From **Five Songs of the Newfoundland Outports** — Harry Somers (1925-1999)

Si j'avais le bateau

Three French-Canadian Folk Songs — Richard S. Eaton (1914-1968)

J'entends le Moulin — Donald Patriquin (b. 1938)

Ariane Maisonneuve, piano

Texts and Translations

Regina Coeli

Regina coeli laetare, alleluia.
Quia quem meruisti portare,
alleluia.
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, alleluia:
Ora pro nobis Deum. Alleluia.

Queen of heaven rejoice, alleluia.
For whom you were worthy to bear,
alleluia.
He has risen, as he said, alleluia:
Pray for us to God. Alleluia.

Ave Verum Corpus

Ave verum corpus,
natum de Maria Virgine:
Vere passum,
immolatum in cruce pro homine:
Cujus latus perforatum,
unda fluxit sanguine:
Esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.
O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie,
O Jesu fili Mariae,
miserere mei. Amen.

Hail, true Body,
born of the Virgin Mary,
Who has truly suffered,
was sacrificed on the cross for mortals,
Whose side was pierced,
whence flowed water and blood:
Be for us a foretaste
of heaven during our final examining.
O Jesu sweet, O Jesu pure,
O Jesu, Son of Mary,
have mercy upon me. Amen.

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt
daß er seinen eingebornen Sohn gab.
Auf daß alle, die an ihn glauben,
nicht verloren werden,
sondern das ewige Leben haben.

For God so loved the world
that he gave his only begotten Son,
that whosoever believeth in him
should not perish,
but have everlasting life.

City Called Heaven

I am a po' pilgrim of sorrow,
I'm tossed in dis wide worl' alone.
No hope have I for tomorrow;
I started to make Heav'n my home.
Sometimes I am tossted an' driven, Lord;
Sometimes I don' know where to roam.
I heard of a city called Heaven;
I've started to make it my home.

My mother has reached dat pure glory,
My father's still walkin' in sin.
My brothers an' sisters won't own me,
because I am try'n' to get in.
Sometimes I am tossted an' driven, Lord;
Sometimes I don' know where to roam.
I heard of a city called Heaven;
I've started to make it my home.

Ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit

Ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit,
movin' in my heart, I will pray,
Yes ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit,
movin' in my heart, I will pray.

Upon the mountain, my Lord spoke,
out of his mouth came, fire and smoke;
Looked all around me, It looked so fine,
'till I asked my Lord if all was mine.
Ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit,
movin' in my heart, I will pray,
Yes ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit,
movin' in my heart, I will pray.

Jordan river, is chilly and cold,
it chills the body, but not the soul;
There ain't but one train, upon this track,
it runs to heaven, an' right back.
Ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit,
movin' in my heart, I will pray,
Yes ev'ry Time I feel the Spirit,
movin' in my heart, I will pray,
Yes, I will pray.

Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening
Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go beofre I sleep.

Three Lullabies (Trzy Kołysanki), Op. 49

1. **Uśnijże mi, uśnij**
Uśnijże mi, uśnij
Albo mi urośnij.
Pożeniesz mi gęsi
Do zielonej sośni.

Kołsz mi się, kołysz,
Kolebeczko sama.
Bo jak ty mi uśniesz,
Ja pójdę do siana

2. **Kołyszże sie kołysz**
Kołyszże się kołysz
Kolibko lipowa,
Niechże cię Pan Jezus
Syneczku zachowa.

Kołyszże się kołysz,
Od ściany do ściany,
Uśnijże mi, uśnij,
Syneczku kochany.

1. **Go to sleep, go to sleep**
Go to sleep,
Go to sleep and grow up.
You will take my geese
To the green pine forest.

Rock the cradle,
Rock yourself,
For when you fall asleep,
I will stack the hay.

2. **Rock, rock**
Rock, rock
Lime wood cradle.
May Jesus protect you
my son.

Rock, rock
From wall to wall.
Go to sleep, go to sleep
My darling son.

Three Lullabies (Trzy Kołysanki)
(cont'd)

3. **Nie piej, kurku, nie piej**

Nie piej, kurku, nie piej,
Nie budź mi Marysię.
Nocka była krótka,
Nie wyspała mi się.

Całą noc nie spała,
Całą noc płakała.
Lulajże, Marysiu,
Lulaj, moja mała.

3. **Don't crow, cock, don't crow**

Don't crow, cock, don't crow.
Don't wake Mary.
The night was short,
She didn't get enough sleep.

She did not sleep the whole night through.
She wept the whole night.
Hushaby, Mary,
Hushaby, my little one.

Two Songs

1. **Song of the Morning**

See, see wond'rous light and scent.
See the smile of the fields and listen,
Oh listen to song of the morning.

2. **Eyes of Heaven**

Blue eyes of heav'n are watching,
They follow us, 'lone or in crowds.
But should it become all too troublesome,
Then shelter they seek in clouds.
Don't ever believe they're in pain.
It's not that they're weeping, it's the rain.

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Ecco mormorar l'onde
e tremolar le fronde
a l'aura matutina
e gl'arborselli;
e sovra i verdi rami
i vagh' angelli,
cantar soavemente,
e rider l'oriente;
ecco, gia l'alb' appare,
e si specchia nel mare,
e rassere na il cielo,
e' imperla il dolce gielo,
e gl'alti monti indora:
O bella e vagh' aurora!
L'aura e tua messagiera
e tu da l'aura,
ch'ogn' arso cor ristaura.

Hear! the waves are murmuring,
and the treetops gently rustle
as morning breezes stir
among the branches.
On the verdant boughs
the birds sing sweetly,
and the eastern sky
is laughing;
Now the dawn arises;
mirrored deeply in the ocean,
she brightens all the heavens,
turns the dewdrops to pearls,
and bedecks the mountains with gold:
Oh, lovely and gracious dawn,
breezes thy heralds
and thou their envoy:
you restore grieving hearts to life again.

Under the Willow Tree
Under the willow tree two doves cry, ah, oh!
Where shall we sleep, my love, whither shall we fly?
The wood has swallowed the moon, the fog has swallowed the shore,
the green toad has swallowed the key to my door.

Verger
Jamais la terre n'est plus réelle
que dans tes branches, ô verger blond,
ni plus flottante que dans la dentelle
que font les ombres sur le gazon.

Là se rencontre ce qui nous reste;
ce qui pèse et ce qui nourrit,
avec le passage, manifeste
de la tendresse infinie.

Mais a ton centre la calme fontaine,
presque dormant en son ancien rond,
de ce contraste parle à peine,
tant en elle il se confound.

The earth is nowhere so real a presence,
as amid thy branches, o orchard blond,
nowhere so airy as here in the pleasance
of lacy shadow on grassy pond.

There we encounter that which we quested,
that which sustains and nourishes life,
and with it the passage manifested
of sweetest tenderness undying.

But at thy center the springs limpid waters
almost asleep in the fountain's heart,
of this strange contrast scarce have taught us
since of them it is so truly a part.

The Old "Mayflower"
Old Joe B. Langdon looking out the door
Watching the Mayflower come ashore,
Come a shore all on the sand,
And there she smashed like an old tin pan.

Out with the cargo, dry fish and ale,
Old Don Mills he stole the pail,
Nellie Packham quick like a whistle
Grabbed some jars and stole the kettle.

Cookie Gillis, the second man,
Carried the wood across Cape Sand,
He piled it up like an old church tower
and that was the end of the old Mayflower.

Song for the Mira
Out on the Mira on warm afternoons,
Old men go fishin' with black line and spoons.
And if they catch nothin' they never complain.
I wish I was with them again.

As boys in their boats call to girls on the shore,
Teasin' the ones that they dearly adore,
And into the evening the courting begins,
I wish I was with them again.

Can you imagine a piece of the universe
more fit for princes and Kings?
I'll trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
and the pleasure it brings.

Out on the Mira on soft summer nights,
Bonfires blaze to the children's delight;
They dance round the flames singing songs with their friends,
I wish I was with them again.

And over the ashes the stories are told
of witches, and werewolves and Oak Island gold.
Stars on the river face sparkle and spin.
I wish I was with them again.

Can you imagine, a piece of the universe
more fit for princes and Kings?
I'll trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge
and the pleasure it brings.

Out on the Mira the people are kind.
They treat you to homebrew and help you unwind.
And if you come broken they'll see that you mend.
I wish I was with them again.

Now I'll conclude with a wish you go well.
Sweet be your dreams, and your happiness swell.
I'll leave you here, for my journey begins.
I'm going to be with them again.

The Bluebird
O the ice upon the Mirmachi will melt before the sun,
And Captain Moar's water boat will soon be on the run.
For half a cent a gallon the ships he will supply,
And the Captain says he'll run her 'till the tank runs dry.

O the Dunderberg is nowhere when the Bluebird sets her sail,
She can beat her in smooth water she can storm the roughest gale,
I have seen her mainmast quiver, and her fore in splinters fly,
And the Captain says he'll run her 'till the tank runs dry.

The Bluebird (cont'd)
O the mate said, "Let us beach her" as her crept down from the breeze,
But the captain, told him for to go, where water will not freeze.
He quickly grabbed the tiller and to him made reply,
"I'll stand be thee, old Bluebird 'till the tank runs dry."

Now all ye merry mariners that cross the briny sea,
If ever it should be your luck to come to Mirmachi,
You will see the noble Bluebird, through the waters she will fly,
And the Captain says he'll run her 'till the tank runs dry.

Si j'avais le bateau
Si j'avais le bateau
Que mon Père m'avait donné
(A l'honneur du patron!
Faisons sauter le bouchon!)
Je pourrais traverser l'eau
Et la mer sans bateau.

Si j'avais des enfants
Qui m'appell'raient pas maman
(Je boirons á la santé:)
Oh! Je prieras Dieu souvent,
Qu'ils mouririont subitement.

A l'honneur du patron
Faisons sauter le bouchon,
Je boirons à la santé
d'un aimable société!

If I had the boat
If I had the boat
that my father gave me,
(At the honour of the boss,
let's pop the cap.)
I could cross the water
and the sea without a boat.

If I had lads
that wouldn't call me mama,
(I would drink to their health.)
Oh, I would often pray to God
that they would suddenly die.

At the honour of the boss,
let's pop the cap.
I would drink to the health
of a likeable society.

Three French-Canadian Folk Songs

En Passant par la Lorraine

En passant par la Lorraine
Avec mes sabots,
En passant par la Lorraine
Avec mes sabots,
Rencontrai trois capitaines,
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.

Rencontrai trois capitaines
Avec mes sabots,
Rencontrai trois capitaines
Avec mes sabots;
Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
Avec mes sabots dondaines,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.

Je ne suis pas si vilaine,
Avec mes sabots,
Je ne suis pas si vilaine,
Avec mes sabots.
Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
Avec mes sabots, dondaine,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Avec mes sabots.

A la Claire Fontaine

À la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.

Refrain:
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amities.

While passing by Lorraine

While passing by Lorraine,
With my shoes,
While passing by Lorraine,
With my shoes,
I met three captains,
With my shoes, dondaine,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my shoes.

I met three captains
With my shoes,
I met three captains
With my shoes,
They called me: Unpleasant!
With my shoes, dondaine,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my shoes.

I am not so unpleasant,
With my shoes,
I am not so unpleasant,
With my shoes,
Since the king's son likes me,
With my shoes, dondaine,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
With my shoes.

By the clear running fountain

By the clear running fountain
I strayed one summer day.
The water looked so cooling
I bathed without delay.

Refrain:
Many long years have I loved you,
Ever in my heart you'll stay.

I have lost my loved one
In such a senseless way,
She could not have the roses
That I had picked that day.

Now I wish those red roses
Were on their bush today,
While I and my beloved
Still went our old sweet way.

Vive la Canadienne
Vive la Canadienne!
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Vive la Canadienne
Et ses jolis yeux doux.

Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Nous la menons aux noces,
Dans tous ses beaux atours.

On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour à tour.

J'entends le Moulin
J'entends le Moulin tique tique taque.
Mon père a fait batir maison.
L'a fait batir à trois pignons.
Sont trois charpentiers qui la font.
Le plus jeune c'est mon mignon.
Qu'apportes-tu dans ton jupon?
C'est un paté de trois pigeons.
Asseyons-nous et le mangeons.
En s'asseyant il fit un bond,
Qui fait trembler mer et poissons,
Et les cailloux qui sont au fond.

Long live my Canadian girl
Long live my Canadian girl,
Fly, my heart, fly!
Long live my Canadian girl
And her sweet, blue eyes.

We lead her to the wedding,
Fly, my heart, fly!
We lead her to the wedding,
In all her beautiful finery.

We dance with our fair-headed ones,
Fly, my heart, fly!
We dance with our fair-headed ones,
And change partners with each turn.

I hear the millwheel
I hear the millwheel tique tique taque.
My father is having a house built.
It's being made with three gables.
There are three carpenters building it.
The youngest is my darling.
What do you have in your apron?
It's a pie made of three pigeons.
Let's sit down and eat it.
While sitting down they all leapt up,
Causing the sea and fish to tremble,
And the stones which are on the bottom.

University of Alberta Concert Choir, Tour, 2003
Dr Debra Cairns, Conductor
David Wilson, Assistant Conductor
Ariane Maisonneuve, Accompanist

SOPRANO I
Christina Hof, Duncan, British Columbia
Jill Hoogewoonink , Sherwood Park, Alberta
Erica Knutson, Camrose, Alberta
Janice Marple, Calgary, Alberta
Constance McLaws, Edmonton, Alberta

SOPRANO II
Janey Chan, Calgary, Alberta
Joanna Dick , Sherwood Park, Alberta
Remi Do, Kwang-ju, Korea
Ariane Maisonneuve, Donnelly, Alberta
Meera Varghese, London, Ontario

ALTO I
Lily Chan, Edmonton, Alberta
Tamara Guillaume, Edmonton, Alberta
Amanda Koenig, Edmonton, Alberta
Teresa LaRocque-Walker, Edmonton, Alberta
Kristine Nielsen, Spruce View, Alberta
Sarah Prescott, Calgary, Alberta
Allison Schmidt, Westlock, Alberta

ALTO II
Gabrielle Donnelly, Calgary, Alberta
Bethan Franklyn, Edmonton, Alberta
Emily Ng , Edmonton, Alberta

ALTO/TENOR
Lisa Brownie, Edmonton, Alberta
Rebecca Carter, Edmonton, Alberta
Cynthia Kim Vun Chiew, Kuala Belait, Brunei Darussalam
Raymond Hansen, Lacombe, Alberta
Yong Li, Shanghai, China
Michael Lyngstad, Swift Current, Saskatchewan

BARITONE/BASS
Kyle Carter, Edmonton, Alberta
Philip King, Man Chow, Hong Kong
Christopher Chung, Westbank, British Columbia
Nathan Finkbeiner, Sherwood Park, Alberta
Lincoln Ho, Toronto, Ontario
Ryan Kolodziej, Lethbridge, Alberta
Damon MacLeod, Edmonton, Alberta
Stewart Mawdsley, Fort Smith, Northwest Territories
Michael Wiens, Edmonton, Alberta
David Wilson, Calgary, Alberta